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Gibbon, John Murray
A Canadian calendar

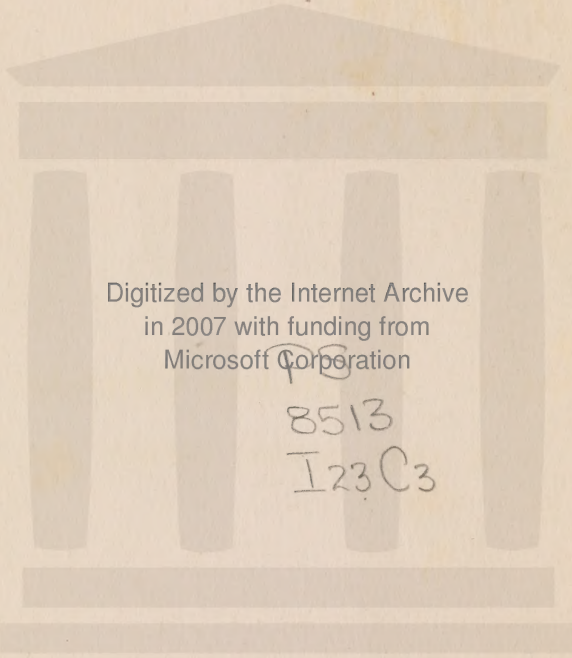
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Canada Chap & Books



No. 1.
Canadian Calendar
by John Murray Gibbon



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CANADA CHAP- BOOKS

No. 1. A Canadian Calendar

By JOHN MURRAY GIBBON

Canadian Bookman
GARDEN CITY PRESS
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Canada

January



INTER the Witch caresses
The sunny, windless skies,
While indoors on the hearth
We dream day-dreams,
Or through the faded flowers
Damascened
In blue and silver
Upon the windows
We watch her sweep the stars into the
night.

February



AS in dreams
Once and again
The eager heart repels
Fears and impalpable phantasies,
So breathless
Upon the windblown, drifting trails,
Buffeted wayfarers
We struggle with snowswirls
Of February gales.

March



OUR gentle alchemist, the sun
Dissolves each snowfield to a silvery
lagoon.

Sweet running maple sap!
You sing of frosty night and balmy day,
And sweet is the wind
That brings the robin to our North
To chug-chug with his mate
Over a new home in bare branches.

So our hearts too
Must dare a new adventure.

April



BOBOLINK and thrush,
Aerial pilgrims,
Chant in the orchard
Plainsong of spring.

Is there in the South
Altar more beautiful
Than apple branches
Twined in reredos
Of lilac and maroon?

And now the river
Bursting its cerements of ice
Reverberates
Gospel of resurrection.

Here, here
In April
Are the stairs of Heaven.

May



DAWN of pearl and of mist
From the amethyst—
Morning stained with rays
Of chrysoprase—
Midday veiled with gauze
Spun from turquoise—
Afternoon sapphire
Skies to admire—
Eve a chalice full,
Crystal cool—
And as a moonstone, light
With dim lustre, Night.

June



BAREHEADED and barefoot
With rosy bouquet
Humming, humming
In dances June,

June, and the bees
Honey hunting among the roses,
And in the orchard an oriole
Flashing his gold,

June with tresses of cinnabar
And coral lips
And eyes so blue, so blue—
Give me back my heart!

July



I WILL to the mountains
Along cool trails amid the glaciers
And Alpine meadows framed with
larch
And the red Indian Paint Brush.

I will to the mountains
And to the lakes of melted jade
Where the dark forest
Broods in stained reflection
Under crystalline skies.

There overhead
Steep jagged cliffs
Rear their defiant shields,
Aeons of snow,
Against the shafts of July suns.

August



NOW the great trajectory
Of blazing glory
Is shot by the sun
From the low horizon
Across the August blue,
Spraying the leagues of wheat
With golden hue
And shimmer of heat.
Until into the dark trenches
Of night it plunges.

September



BATHING their wings in dew
The Winds of Far Away
Out of the Long Night flew
Here to the Early Day.

They called the world awake,
And away the mists they rolled
From the fringe of the forest and lake
With its green and russet and gold.

Gold and russet and green!
They uncovered the gay Fall dress
And the silken red-gold sheen
Of the trees with their airy caress.

They brought a kiss from the Moon
As cool as their own cool lips,
As sweet as the rose in June
That the bee for its honey sips.

September

Continued



Kiss and away! But the Sun
Came up as a lover instead,
And never a maiden was won
That flushed to a rosier red
Than the fringe of the lake as they fled.

October



ALLING falling leaves!
And indoors
Cellars sweet-smelling with apples,
Fair hands busy with canning and
stores for the winter.

Morning in frosty apron,
Noon in a bonnet of blue,
Night with a cool dark cloak overtaking
the day.

Once in a while a sky a-swirl with rain
And winds in wild cavalcades,
But always,
On the greensward,
Falling, falling leaves!

November

1876

GREY, gaunt and sere
Is the old year.
Flake upon flake
Falls the heartache,
Only for a while
The Indian Summer
Comes with a smile
A late-comer,
An afterthought,
So that naught
Of the old year
May lack good cheer,
And you remember
A sweet November.

December



CHERE is a window in a quiet room
Over an orchard now of apples bare
Though in September no more
sweet perfume
Filled any wind with a more fragrant air.

And in that silence through the window-
bars

Through the deep azure that pervades
the sky

Prick'd only by innumerable stars

I see a world of phantom passers-by.

I see the fairies of a winter's night

Float from the tree-tops to the path be-
low

And pattern laces with the clear moon-
light

And shadows of the branches on the
snow.

December

Continued



And where the icicles hang from the eaves
Dropping their crystal pillars to the
ground

I see the throne that only he achieves
Who wins a queen by all the fairies
crowned.

Was that a sleigh bell or a magic note
Played in a dream to hearts that under-
stand?

Surely I hear there with the dancers float
The clash of cymbals in an elfin band.

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